THE BEST OF BRITISH COMICS—IT'S

# TERRIFIC

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A POWER COMIC

No. 11 24 JUNE 1967 EVERY MONDAY NINEPENCE

IT'S SUB-MARINER VERSUS THE BEHEMOTH

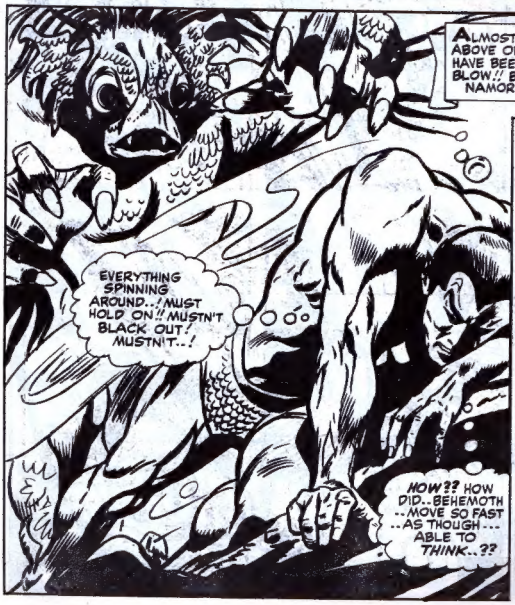
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group.

Prince Namor, THE SUB-MARINER!
"TO THE DEATH!"
DORMA, SAVE YOURSELF! I SHALL DEFEAT THE BEHEMOTH... THOUGH IT COSTS ME MY LIFE!
NO, MY PRINCE! SHOULD YOUR LIFE BE LOST, THEN MINE WILL BE EMPTY... FOREVER!
LET'S NOT WASTE TIME WITH A RESUMÉ NOW...NOT WHEN THERE'S SO MUCH ACTION WAITING! START READING, AND WE'LL PICK UP THE LOOSE ENDS AS WE RACE ALONG...
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1965

ANY OTHER MAN MIGHT FLEE FROM THE GIGANTIC FIGURE...HOPING TO ESCAPE WHILE THERE IS TIME! BUT NOT A PRINCE OF THE BLOOD! NOT THE MONARCH OF ALL ATLANTIS! NOT NAMOR, THE SUB-MARINER!
DESPITE HIS UNIMAGINABLE STRENGTH, HE IS STILL VIRTUALLY MINDLESS! I SHALL PROVE TO BE HIS MASTER!
ALAS! THE GALLANT AMPHIBIAN DOES NOT YET SUSPECT THAT THE BEHEMOTH IS NOT MINDLESS... FOR HE IS BEING CONTROLLED.. GUIDED BY THE EVIL WARLORD KRANG, FROM THE PUPPET MASTER'S HIDEOUT ON LAND...
HIS GRASPING HAND CHANGED DIRECTION IN A SPLIT-SECOND, TURNING INTO A DEADLY FIST! ONLY MY GREAT SPEED SAVED ME!
BUT HOW... HOW COULD THE BRAIN-LESS BRUTE THINK SO QUICKLY??
THOOM!
NOW, BY CATCHING HIM UNAWARES, PERHAPS I CAN ENTANGLE HIM IN HIS OWN ROPE-LIKE STRANDS OF HAIR!
STRANGE! HE'S SHIFTED HIS WEIGHT... AS THOUGH HE HAS DEDUCED WHAT MY PURPOSE IS! BUT... HOW??!

UNNHHH! IT..IT'S NO USE! HE'S TOO HUGE... TOO POWERFUL...MY OWN AWESOME STRENGTH IS AS NOTHING COMPARED TO HIS..!

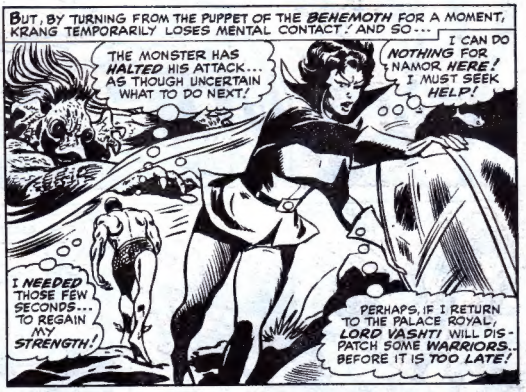
THEN, BEFORE THE DEEP-SEA MONARCH CAN MAKE ANOTHER MOVE...
THROK!
ARRHHH!!

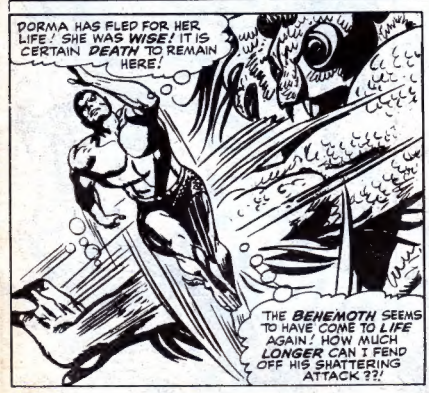

ALMOST ANY OTHER MAN WHO LIVES...WHETHER ABOVE OR BELOW THE ENDLESS DEEPS...WOULD HAVE BEEN INSTANTLY FELLED BY SUCH A BLOW!! BUT, THANKS TO HIS INCREDIBLE PROWESS, NAMOR IS MERELY MOMENTARILY STUNNED..!
EVERYTHING SPINNING AROUND..! MUST HOLD ON!! MUSTN'T BLACK OUT! MUSTN'T..!
NOW?? HOW DID..BEHEMOTH ..MOVE SO FAST ..AS THOUGH... ABLE TO THINK..??

IF THE DESPERATE PRINCE COULD SEE HIS OLD ENEMY, WARLORD KRANG, AT THAT MOMENT, HE'D INSTANTLY REALIZE THE ANSWER...
SO LONG AS I HOLD THIS BEWITCHED PUPPET OF THE BEHEMOTH, I CAN MENTALLY CONTROL THE MONSTER...THOUGH WE ARE MANY MILES APART.

REMEMBER, KRANG... YOU PROMISED NOT TO HARM ME IF I MADE THE SPECIAL PUPPET YOU WANTED!
HARM YOU? COWARDLY WORM, YOU ARE VIRTUALLY BENEATH MY NOTICE!
WHY SHOULD I CARE ABOUT YOU, WHEN THE ENTIRE KINGDOM OF ATLANTIS IS ALMOST WITHIN MY GRASP?!!
...AND, THE HAND OF LADY DORMA, AS WELL!

BUT, I HAVE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR CRAVEN WHIMPERING! GET OUT!
YOU MEAN.. I'M FREE?
AS FREE AS A COWARD MAY EVER BE!


BUT, BY TURNING FROM THE PUPPET OF THE BEHEMOTH FOR A MOMENT, KRANG TEMPORARILY LOSES MENTAL CONTACT! AND SO...
THE MONSTER HAS HALTED HIS ATTACK... AS THOUGH UNCERTAIN WHAT TO DO NEXT!
I CAN DO NOTHING FOR NAMOR HERE! I MUST SEEK HELP!
I NEEDED THOSE FEW SECONDS... TO REGAIN MY STRENGTH!
PERHAPS, IF I RETURN TO THE PALACE ROYAL, LORD VASHTI WILL DISPATCH SOME WARRIORS.. BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!


DORMA HAS FLED FOR HER LIFE! SHE WAS WISE! IT IS CERTAIN DEATH TO REMAIN HERE!
THE BEHEMOTH SEEMS TO HAVE COME TO LIFE AGAIN! HOW MUCH LONGER CAN I FEND OFF HIS SHATTERING ATTACK??!

SUDDENLY...
THE IRON GATES OF ATLANTIS!
PERHAPS THESE WILL AFFORD ME THE WEAPON I NEED!

I'LL TEAR OUT AS MANY BARS AS I CAN BEFORE THE GIANT REACHES ME...!
RRAKK!

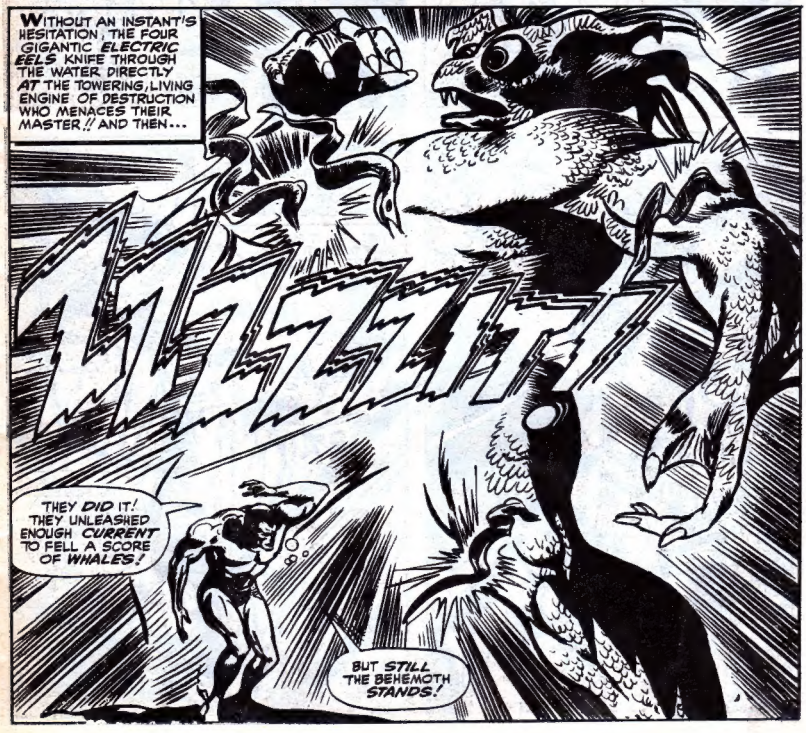
THEN, IF I HURL THEM SWIFTLY ENOUGH, AND STRAIGHT ENOUGH... USING EVERY IOTA OF POWER I POSSESS...
...THEY MAY SERVE TO CONFUSE HIM... CONFOUND HIM... AND, MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL...

...IMPRISON HIM!
I'VE GOT TO SURROUND HIM WITH A SECOND LAYER, BEFORE HE CAN FREE HIMSELF!
KWANNG!

BUT, BEFORE THE ROYAL HEIR OF NEPTUNE CAN MAKE ANOTHER MOVE...
IT'S NO USE! I'VE FAILED BEFORE I BEGIN...!
KRAK!
HE BROKE THE IRON BARS WITH ONE FORWARD LUNGE... AS THOUGH THEY WERE MADE OF SEAWEED!

BUT I'M NOT BEATEN YET! I AM STILL THE LORD OF THE SEVEN SEAS! ALL WHO DWELL IN MY DOMAIN MUST BE SUBJECT TO MY COMMANDS!
I MUST CONCENTRATE --- CONCENTRATE --- UNTIL THE ONES I SEEK COME STREAKING TO MY SIDE!

AND, JUST AS THE BEHEMOTH IS ALMOST UPON HIS UNARMED VICTIM AGAIN ---
YOU ARE JUST IN TIME, MY POWER-PACKED FRIENDS!! NOW --- ATTACK!


WITHOUT AN INSTANT'S HESITATION, THE FOUR GIGANTIC ELECTRIC EELS KNIFE THROUGH THE WATER DIRECTLY AT THE TOWERING, LIVING ENGINE OF DESTRUCTION WHO MENACES THEIR MASTER!! AND THEN...
ZZZZZT!
THEY DID IT! THEY UNLEASHED ENOUGH CURRENT TO FELL A SCORE OF WHALES!
BUT STILL THE BEHEMOTH STANDS!

HOWEVER, AT THAT SELF-SAME SECOND ... MANY MILES AWAY ...
ARRRGHHH!
A POWER FEEDBACK!! THE SHOCK ... TOO INTENSE.. I ... I CAN'T HOLD ON ...!

THE PUPPET HAS CHANGED! I CAN NO LONGER CONTROL IT! IT IS USELESS TO ME NOW!
THIS MEANS THE BEHEMOTH IS ONCE MORE A MINDLESS, UNTHINKING MONSTER ... PITTED AGAINST THE GREATEST WARRIOR OF THEM ALL!
SUB-MARINER HAS A CHANCE AGAIN!
AND, IN MY BLIND ARROGANCE, I DISMISSED THE PUPPET MASTER ... SO HE CANNOT WORK HIS MAGIC FOR ME A SECOND TIME!

BUT, KRANG DOES NOT EASILY SURRENDER! WHAT I COULD NOT GAIN BY WIZARDRY, I YET MAY WIN BY CUNNING!
THE THRONE OF ATLANTIS MAY STILL BE MINE ... IF I CAN FIND DORMA IN TIME!

MEANWHILE, AS THE MIND-STAGGERING UNDERSEA BATTLE CONTINUES TO RAGE, SEISMOGRAPHS IN EVERY LABORATORY ON EARTH SEEM TO HAVE GONE MAD ...!
WHAT CAN IT BE? WHAT DOES IT MEAN?
IT'S SOME SORT OF UNDERSEA DISTURBANCE ... MORE VIOLENT THAN ANY EVER BEFORE RECORDED!

AND, EVEN AS THE MYSTIFIED SCIENTISTS STUDY THEIR INSTRUMENTS WITH MOUNTING WONDER...

ONCE AGAIN HE IS ACTING LIKE A WITLESS BRUTE ... UNSURE .. CONFUSED .. WITHOUT PURPOSE OR PLAN!

IF EVER I AM TO GAIN *VICTORY* OVER THE BEHEMOTH, IT MUST BE *NOW!*

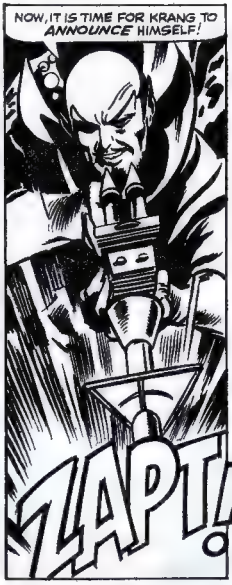
THE DAZZLING, ALMOST INDESCRIBABLE SPEED OF THE PRINCE OF ATLANTIS CAUSES A GIGANTIC WHIRLPOOL... A SWIRLING, SEETHING, SLASHING, ALL-CONSUMING TORRENT OF EVER-GROWING, EVER-INCREASING FORCE...
IT'S DONE! NOW TO HURL MYSELF AWAY, BEFORE I, TOO, AM SWEPT ALONG TOWARDS THE BOTTOMLESS QUAGMIRE OF DOOM!
BUT THE BEHEMOTH, NOT POSSESSING NAMOR'S BREATH-TAKING SPEED, IS CAUGHT UP IN THE VORTEX OF THE IRRESISTIBLE, SWIRLING CURRENTS...AND DRAGGED HELPLESSLY ALONG, UNTIL...

...HE REACHES THE MOST DEADLY AREA OF THE UNDERSEA REALM...THE BOTTOMLESS PIT, FEARFULLY REFERRED TO BY ALL ATLANTIS AS...THE QUAGMIRE OF DOOM...
...A THOUSAND YEAR-OLD PIT OF QUICKSAND...THE ONE ENEMY AGAINST WHICH NO AMOUNT OF STRENGTH, OR POWER, MAY PREVAIL!
AND SO, THE MIGHTIEST BEING EVER TO TREAD THE OCEAN'S FLOOR DISAPPEARS FROM HUMAN SIGHT... FOREVER!

THEN, WHEN FINALLY CERTAIN THE DANGER IS ENDED, THE VICTORIOUS SUB-MARINER SLOWLY TURNS, AND...
THE BATTLE IS DONE! I MUST RETURN TO THE PALACE ROYAL!

BUT, UNSEEN BY THE PRINCE OF THE BLOOD, WARLORD KRANG, IN HIS SPEEDY BATTLE CRUISER, HAS WITNESSED THE END OF THE BATTLE...
THERE IS STILL TIME FOR ME TO WREST VICTORY FROM THE ASHES OF DEFEAT!
EVERYTHING DEPENDS UPON MY REACHING THE LADY DORMA BEFORE SHE CAN LEARN THAT THE BEHEMOTH HAS BEEN CONQUERED!

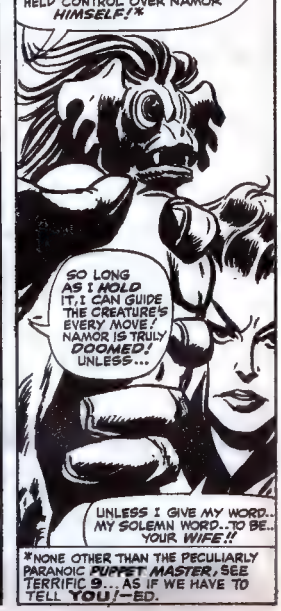
BRIEF MOMENTS LATER...
HOW FORTUNATE FOR ME THAT THE WEARY NAMOR THOUGHT THERE WAS NO NEED FOR HASTE! I'VE REACHED THE PRIZE FIRST!
SHE IS HOPING TO SUMMON AID FOR HER PRINCE! A PITY HER EFFORTS ARE DOOMED TO FAIL!


NOW, IT IS TIME FOR KRANG TO ANNOUNCE HIMSELF!
ZAPT!

UHHHH!
THE GUARD!! HE'S BEEN WOUNDED!

DESPITE THE GRAVITY OF THE SITUATION, DORMA IS A NOBLEWOMAN BORN! WITHOUT FEAR, WITHOUT PANIC, SHE SEIZES THE FALLEN GUARD'S RAY GUN, AND THEN ---
I MUST LEARN WHERE THE ATTACK CAME FROM! ..AND WHY!
THE SILENCE IS SO HEAVY...SO UNNATURAL...IT'S ALMOST DEAFENING!

AND THEN, WITHOUT WARNING...
DO NOT SCREAM, MY LADY! YOU SHALL NOT BE HARMED!
THAT CRUEL, MERCILESS VOICE! I'D KNOW IT ANYWHERE! IT'S KRANG!




*NONE OTHER THAN THE PECULIARLY PARANOIC PUPPET MASTER, SEE TERRIFIC 9... AS IF WE HAVE TO TELL YOU!—ED.

TEARFULLY, WITH AN ACHING HEART, THE EXQUISITE ATLANTEAN PICKS UP THE SHIP'S COMMUNI-SCOPE...
I DARE NOT REFUSE YOU---FOR THE SAKE OF MY LOVED ONE!
BUT, I MUST BID FAREWELL... TO LORD VASHTI...
DO IT THEN... AND BE QUICK!
MY LORD VASHTI! THIS IS THE LAST TIME WE SHALL EVER SPEAK! I HAVE...CONSENTED TO MARRY... WARLORD KRANG!
KRANG?!! HAS HE FLED FROM EXILE THUS SOON? WAIT, MY LADY! YOU MUST RE-CONSIDER...!
NO! THERE IS NO OTHER WAY! I HAVE GIVEN MY WORD!
BUT, YOU MUST TELL...THE ONE TRUE PRINCE... I DID WHAT I HAD TO DO... THERE WAS... NO OTHER WAY..!
DORMA.. STOP! WE MUST SPEAK..!
THERE ARE NO MORE WORDS!! FAREWELL, FAITHFUL VASHTI... FAREWELL---!
CLICK!
THE PRINCE!! HOW... HOW SHALL I TELL THE PRINCE?!!
--AND AT THAT VERY MOMENT...

VASHTI!! I HAVE DEFEATED THE BEHEMOTH! THIS IS A TIME FOR REJOICING! THERE IS NOTHING YOU CANNOT TELL ME! SO SPEAK, WISE ONE!
I MUST TELL HIM! IT IS MY DUTY...THOUGH I WOULD RATHER MY TONGUE BE STILLED---FOREVER!
IT IS...THE LADY DORMA, MAJESTY! SHE HAS FLED THE REALM...WITH THE ESCAPED WARLORD KRANG! THEY ARE... ABOUT TO BE WED!
HE DOES NOT TRUST HIMSELF TO SPEAK! BUT, THE RAGE BLAZING IN HIS HEART MUST BE BEYOND ALL MORTAL COMPREHENSION!
AND, SOME DISTANCE AWAY, A SPEEDY BATTLE CRUISER HEADS INTO THE NAMELESS WATERY WASTELAND BEYOND THE FARTHEST REACHES OF ATLANTIS...
KRANG THREW THE PUPPET OUT OF THE SHIP WHEN I CONSENTED TO MARRY HIM!
THAT MEANS I HAVE GIVEN MY BELOVED HIS CHANCE TO SURVIVE..THOUGH MY OWN HEART IS NOW DEAD WITHIN ME!
WITH YOU AT MY SIDE, DORMA..I SHALL ONE DAY RETURN TO ATLANTIS, AND WRITE FINIS TO THE REIGN OF NAMOR!
NEXT WEEK: WHEN A MONARCH GOES MAD!

# TERRIFIC NEWS!

**SEND YOUR LETTERS TO:—**
***TERRIFIC***
***64, LONG ACRE***
***LONDON, W.C.2***

Dear Alf and Bart,

I have a grudge with Power Comics (e.g. SMASH, WHAM, POW, FANTASTIC, TERRIFIC and many more to come, I hope). That is they all come out on Monday. All week I'm kept in suspense and on Mondays I'm overpowered by your wonderful mags—can't you scatter them all over the week ?

P.S. Could you please tell me if it's possible to get Marvel Comic back issues from you ; let's have more transfers and pin-ups.

R. Ross,
Leicester.

**We come out on Monday just to please you frantic ones—after all think of getting up on Monday morning, flexed for another week's school and finding nothing but a brand X at the newsagents. You'd all curl up with despair ! Of course, you could get all the Power mags on Monday, then put them aside and read one each day ! No, on second thoughts *no-one* could have that much will power !**

**Sorry, R.R., no back numbers of Marvel.**

**Alf and Bart.**

Dear Alf and Bart,

When my Mother took me to the dentist to have two teeth out, I was treated by her to a TERRIFIC. When I returned home, as you can imagine, I was very uninterested in anything until I opened my comic and thanks to TERRIFIC I forgot the pain ! My parents promptly promised to buy one for me every week, allow me to thank you !

Kenneth Organ,
Cosely, Staffs.

**That proves that whatever Earth-shattering event has occurred you can always get your teeth into a Power mag, Ken—that's if you have any left ! If not—keep smiling !**

**Alf and Bart.**

Dear Alf and Bart,

Please could you make a Thor transfer like the Iron Man one. I ask you this because I missed that simply fantastically terrific Iron-Man transfer because my brother ripped it up ! I think Iron Man and Thor are so great I even dream of them at night !

Gilbert Calvert (10),
Blackpool, Lancs.

P.S. I enclose a drawing of me dreaming about Iron Man. I know it's awful (I hope he isn't mad).

**He's so flattered he's actually *grinning*, Gilbert !**

**Alf and Bart.**

Dear Alf and Bart,

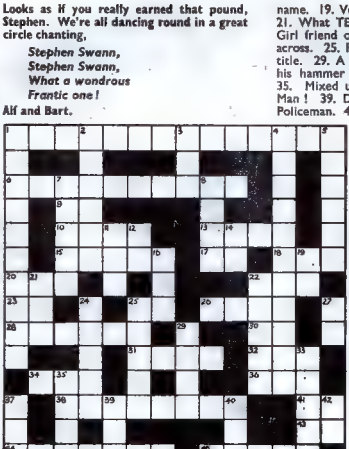
I have made a crossword for your letter page, hope you like it.

Stephen Swann,
Halifax, Yorks.

**Looks as if you really earned that pound, Stephen. We're all dancing round in a great circle chanting,**

***Stephen Swann,***
***Stephen Swann,***
***What a wondrous***
***Frantic one !***

**Alf and Bart.**



*Clues across :*

1. TERRIFIC's great fighting team (2 words). 6. Prince Namor's other name (2 words). 9. Short for Humm ! 10. Prison room. 13. Prince Namor's girl friend is, — Dorma. 15. Warlord of Atlantis. 17. Not out. 18. Angry. 20. Whichever. 22. Thor is Doctor — Blake. 23. Royal Engineers (abbrev.). 25. Doctor. 26. Tony Stark is — Man. 28. Giant Man is — feet tall. 30. Road (abbrev.). 31. He has a hammer. 32. Giant —. 34. Pen and —. 36. " Yes " in Scotland. 38. This appears in —. 41. Medal for valour. 43. Elizabeth Regina. 44. Thor is God of —. 45. House of —.

*Clues down :*

1. Dr. Strange, master of the — — (2 words). 2. Thor's weapon. 3. Wasp's middle name. 4. TERRIFIC on sale — — (2 words). 5. Captain America's weapon. 7. Captain America's dead partner. 8. Mixed up evil. 11. Laboratory. 12. Leslie Nixon (initials). 14. Anglo Norman (abbrev.). 16. Following thunder part of " Don Blake's " name. 19. Version of the indefinite article. 21. What TERRIFIC was on April 15. 22 Girl friend of Prince Namor. 24. And 22 across. 25. Parking —. 27. Strange man's title. 29. A game. 33. Whilst Thor holds his hammer he will — loose his power. 35. Mixed up tune. 37. Giant Man is — Man ! 39. Danger Colour. 40. Mixed up Policeman. 42. Crispin Rosebud (initials).

Dear Alf and Bart,

A friend of mine thinks that it is impossible for two men to write all those Super Comics each week ; he also thinks that your letter page is faked, so that you do not have to lose £1 for each published letter. So after he picked himself up from the ground I told him that I would get a letter published and prove him wrong—so, here it is !

Thomas Edgar,
Greenock.

**We know that the letters aren't faked, you know it, but it looks like some people will *never* believe — no matter how many times we tell 'em.**

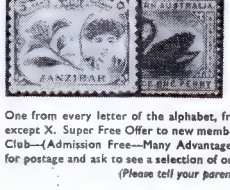
**Alf and Bart.**

*Answers across :*

1. Mighty Avengers. 6. Sub-Mariner. 9. UM. 10. Cell. 13. Lady. 15. Kronn. 17. In. 18. Mad. 20. Any. 22. Dom. 23. R.E. 25. M.O. 26. Iron. 28. Twelve. 30. Rd. 31. Thor. 32. Man. 34. Ink. 36. Aye. 38. TERRIFIC. 41. V.C. 43. E.R. 44. Thunder. 45. Power.

*Answers down :*

1. Mystic Arts. 2. Hammer. 3. Van. 4. Every Monday. 5. Shield. 7. Bucky. 8. Evil. 11. Lab. 12. L.N. 14. A.N. 16. God. 19. An. 21. Now. 23. Dorma. 24. Blake. 25. Meter. 27. Dr. 29. Golf. 33. Never. 35. Nice. 37. Ant. 39. Rad. 40. Cop. 42. C.R.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*(Please tell your parents.)*

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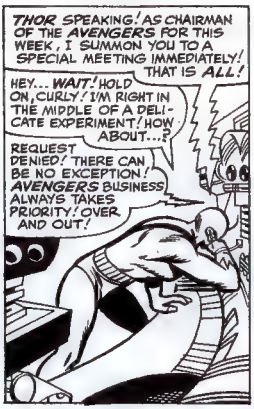
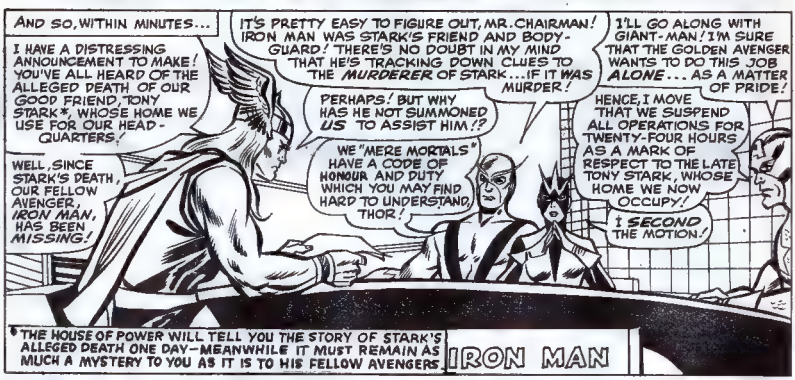
THE MIGHTY AVENGERS MEET
SPIDER-MAN!
AND THE ONLY BLURB WE CAN WRITE IS "WOWEE!"
also RE-INTRODUCING THE MYSTERIOUS KANG!
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1964

THE BIGGEST PROBLEM IN TELLING ANY TALE IS... WHERE TO BEGIN? THIS TIME WE START WITH THE FLASHING OF A SIGNAL LIGHT IN GIANT-MAN'S LAB...
OH, NO! NOT NOW!


THOR SPEAKING! AS CHAIRMAN OF THE AVENGERS FOR THIS WEEK, I SUMMON YOU TO A SPECIAL MEETING IMMEDIATELY! THAT IS ALL!
HEY... WAIT! HOLD ON, CURLY! I'M RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF A DELICATE EXPERIMENT! HOW ABOUT...?
REQUEST DENIED! THERE CAN BE NO EXCEPTION! AVENGERS BUSINESS ALWAYS TAKES PRIORITY! OVER AND OUT!

I SHOULD HAVE HAD MY HEAD EXAMINED WHEN I LET THEM TALK ME INTO JOINING THEIR LITTLE SEWING CIRCLE! THAT LONG-HAIRED SQUARE HAS ALL THE CHARM OF A RUSTY DOORKNOB!
NOW THAT YOU GOT THAT OFF YOUR CHEST, LET'S GO! YOU KNOW YOU WOULDN'T MISS A MEETING FOR ANYTHING!


AND SO, WITHIN MINUTES...
I HAVE A DISTRESSING ANNOUNCEMENT TO MAKE! YOU'VE ALL HEARD OF THE ALLEGED DEATH OF OUR GOOD FRIEND, TONY STARK*, WHOSE HOME WE USE FOR OUR HEAD-QUARTERS!
WELL, SINCE STARK'S DEATH, OUR FELLOW AVENGER, IRON MAN, HAS BEEN MISSING!
IT'S PRETTY EASY TO FIGURE OUT, MR. CHAIRMAN! IRON MAN WAS STARK'S FRIEND AND BODY-GUARD! THERE'S NO DOUBT IN MY MIND THAT HE'S TRACKING DOWN CLUES TO THE MURDERER OF STARK... IF IT WAS MURDER!
PERHAPS! BUT WHY HAS HE NOT SUMMONED US TO ASSIST HIM!?
WE "MERE MORTALS" HAVE A CODE OF HONOUR AND DUTY WHICH YOU MAY FIND HARD TO UNDERSTAND, THOR!
I'LL GO ALONG WITH GIANT-MAN! I'M SURE THAT THE GOLDEN AVENGER WANTS TO DO THIS JOB ALONE... AS A MATTER OF PRIDE!
HENCE, I MOVE THAT WE SUSPEND ALL OPERATIONS FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AS A MARK OF RESPECT TO THE LATE TONY STARK, WHOSE HOME WE NOW OCCUPY!
I SECOND THE MOTION!
*THE HOUSE OF POWER WILL TELL YOU THE STORY OF STARK'S ALLEGED DEATH ONE DAY—MEANWHILE IT MUST REMAIN AS MUCH A MYSTERY TO YOU AS IT IS TO HIS FELLOW AVENGERS
IRON MAN

THANKS FOR YOUR SUPPORT, CAP... BUT I'D LIKE TO AMEND YOUR MOTION...
I FEEL THAT STARK HIMSELF WOULD WANT US TO CONTINUE ...TO STAY ON DUTY IN CASE WE'RE NEEDED!
SO I MOVE INSTEAD THAT WE VOTE IRON MAN A TEMPORARY LEAVE OF ABSENCE... UNTIL HIS MISSION IS DONE!

I SECOND GIANT-MAN'S MOTION!
YOU'RE OUT OF ORDER, RICK! YOU HAVE NO VOTING PRIVILEGE WITH THE AVENGERS AS YET!
HOWEVER, ONCE AGAIN I AGREE WITH THE MASTER OF MANY SIZES! IF THE CHAIR WILL PERMIT, I WITHDRAW MY MOTION AND SECOND GIANT-MAN'S!

IT IS SO MOVED AND SO CARRIED! IRON MAN IS GRANTED A TEMPORARY LEAVE OF ABSENCE AND THE AVENGERS REMAIN ON ACTIVE DUTY! I HEREBY DECLARE THIS MEETING ADJOURNED!
WHY DOES THAT REMARK ALWAYS SEEM TO BE A SIGNAL FOR YOU TO PUT ON FRESH LIPSTICK, LITTLE LADY?
EVERY REMARK IS A SIGNAL FOR A GIRL TO FRESHEN HER LIPSTICK, BIG BOY!
AND PLEASE DON'T SPEAK TO ME RIGHT NOW, OR I MIGHT SMUDGE IT!!

THE CHAIRMAN OF OUR NEXT REGULARLY SCHEDULED MEETING WILL BE CAPTAIN AMERICA, ACCORDING TO OUR PLAN OF ROTATION! AND SO, I NOW YIELD THE CHAIR!
BUT, LITTLE DOES MIGHTY THOR SUSPECT THAT THE ENTIRE MEETING HAS BEEN MONITORED... BY A FANTASTIC ELECTRONIC DEVICE FROM THE FAR FUTURE!

AND NOW WE TURN OUR ATTENTION TO THE ONE KNOWN AS KANG... AS HE STANDS BEFORE A VIEW-SCREEN IN THE YEAR 3,000... HIS HEART FILLED WITH STARK HATRED!
I'VE WAITED PATIENTLY FOR MY CHANCE TO STRIKE BACK AT THE ACCURSED AVENGERS... AND AT LAST IT HAS COME.*
FOR, WITHOUT THE POWER OF IRON MAN, THEY ARE NOW AT THEIR WEAKEST FIGHTING STRENGTH!
*SEE TERRIFIC 5... ED.

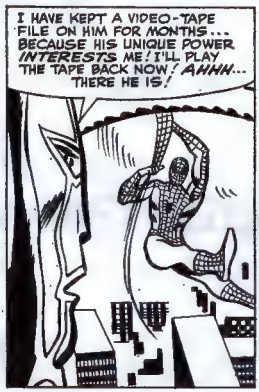
BUT, I SHALL NOT BATTLE THEM IN PERSON! I AM TOO WISE... TOO CAUTIOUS FOR THAT! WITH ALL THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE FAR FUTURE AT MY DISPOSAL, IT WILL BE A SIMPLE MATTER FOR ME TO FIND ANOTHER TO WAGE MY BATTLE!
BUT I MUST TAKE CARE TO AVOID THE MISTAKES OF THOSE WHO TRIED BEFORE ME! FOR I HAVE WITNESSED SOME OF THOSE BATTLES FROM HERE IN THE FUTURE!

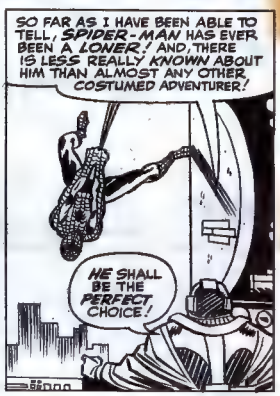
"ZEMO, AND HIS MASTERS OF EVIL CAME CLOSEST TO DESTROYING THE AVENGERS BY USING WONDER-MAN!* BUT THEY MADE ONE FATAL MISTAKE..."
"THEY FAILED TO REASON THAT WONDER-MAN HIMSELF MIGHT TURN AGAINST THEM!"
*SEE TERRIFIC 7... ED.

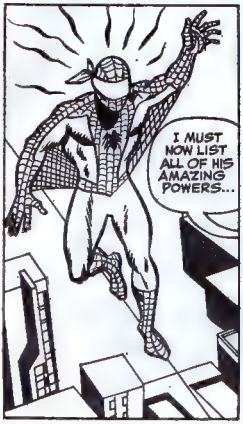
I MUST BE FAR MORE CLEVER! THE ONE I USE MUST BE TOTALLY INCAPABLE OF EVER BETRAYING ME! HE MUST BE COMPLETELY LOYAL TO KANG!
AND THERE IS ONLY ONE SUCH CREATURE WHO FULFILLS THAT REQUIREMENT.. AND THAT IS... A ROBOT!

JUST AS MY ANCESTOR, DR. DOOM, IS THE GREATEST ROBOTIC CREATOR OF THE 20 TH CENTURY, SO AM I THE GREATEST OF MY CENTURY! BUT, BEING OF THE FUTURE, MY TALENTS ARE EVEN FAR GREATER THAN HIS!
IT WOULD BE A SIMPLE MATTER FOR ME TO MAKE EXACT REPLICAS OF THE MOST POWERFUL VILLAINS OF ALL TIME, AND LET THEM ATTACK THE AVENGERS TOGETHER!
BUT, THERE IS THE EVER-PRESENT DANGER THAT THEY MIGHT END UP FIGHTING AMONG THEMSELVES, OR GETTING IN EACH OTHER'S WAY!

NO! I SHALL USE BUT ONE ROBOT TO DEFEAT THE AVENGERS! ONE WHOM THEY WILL HAVE TO TRUST! YET... ONE WITH ENOUGH POWER AND CUNNING TO BE ASSURED OF SUCCESS! AND I KNOW THE ONE!

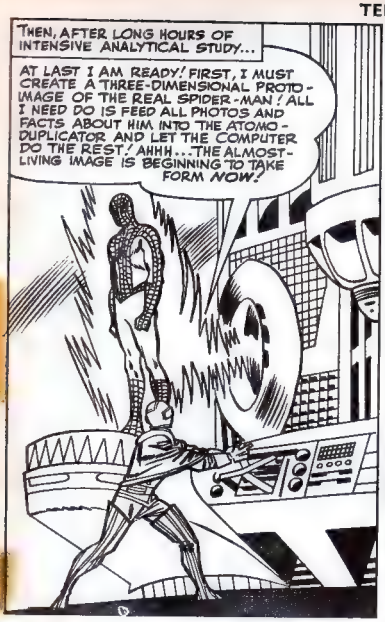

I HAVE KEPT A VIDEO-TAPE FILE ON HIM FOR MONTHS... BECAUSE HIS UNIQUE POWER INTERESTS ME! I'LL PLAY THE TAPE BACK NOW! AHHH... THERE HE IS!


SO FAR AS I HAVE BEEN ABLE TO TELL, SPIDER-MAN HAS EVER BEEN A LONER! AND, THERE IS LESS REALLY KNOWN ABOUT HIM THAN ALMOST ANY OTHER COSTUMED ADVENTURER!
HE SHALL BE THE PERFECT CHOICE!


I MUST NOW LIST ALL OF HIS AMAZING POWERS...

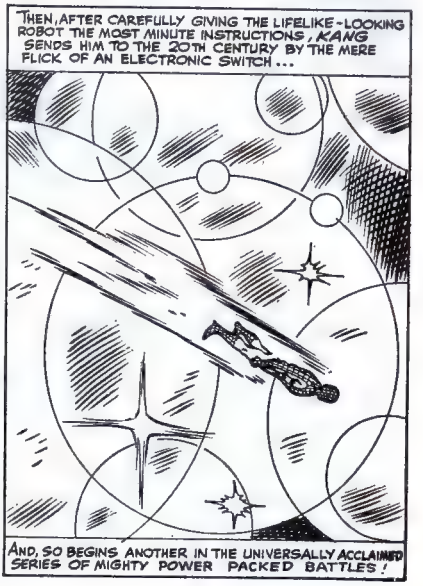
...AS WELL AS STUDY AVAILABLE RECORDS OF HIS PREVIOUS BATTLES, TO LEARN TO DUPLICATE HIS FIGHTING STYLE...

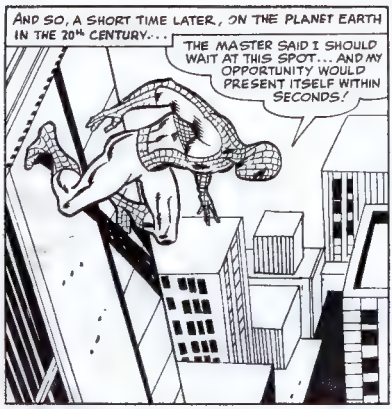
...AND HIS STRONGEST WEAPON... HIS POWERFUL, EVER-CHANGING WEB... THAT I MUST BECOME THOROUGHLY FAMILIAR WITH!

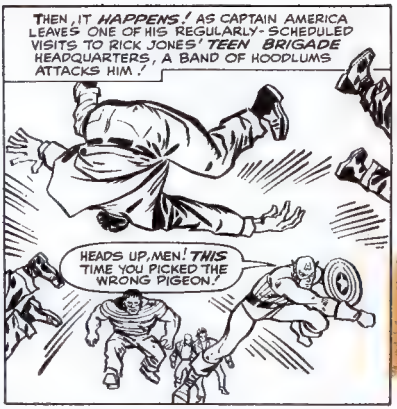

THEN, AFTER LONG HOURS OF INTENSIVE ANALYTICAL STUDY...
AT LAST I AM READY! FIRST, I MUST CREATE A THREE-DIMENSIONAL PROTO-IMAGE OF THE REAL SPIDER-MAN! ALL I NEED DO IS FEED ALL PHOTOS AND FACTS ABOUT HIM INTO THE ATOMO-DUPLICATOR AND LET THE COMPUTER DO THE REST! AHHH...THE ALMOST-LIVING IMAGE IS BEGINNING TO TAKE FORM NOW!

NEXT, MY ISO-NUCLEAR DUPLICATOR ANALYSES EVERY LAST SUB-MICROSCOPIC DETAIL OF THE PROTO-IMAGE...GAUGING ITS STRENGTH, KNOWLEDGE, PERSONALITY, MEMORIES AND EVALUATING ITS EVERY LAST ABILITY!

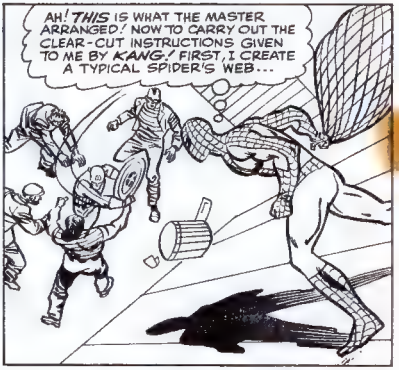
THEN, THE FINAL PHASE BEGINS! USING AUTOMATED DEVICES WHICH NEED NO HUMAN CONTROL, THE DUPLICATOR SOON CREATES AN EXACT DUPLICATE OF THE INTENDED SUBJECT...POSSESSING EVERY ABILITY OF THE ORIGINAL... BUT ANSWERABLE ONLY TO ME!
TO ONE FROM THE 20TH CENTURY, THIS MIGHT SEEM INCOMPREHENSIBLE! BUT, TO A MASTER OF SCIENCE HERE IN THE YEAR 3,000, IT IS MERELY CHILD'S PLAY!
WHAT IS YOUR NAME?
I..AM.. SPIDER-MAN!
GOOD! NOW, THE PROTO-IMAGE SHALL VANISH AND ONLY YOU SHALL REMAIN!

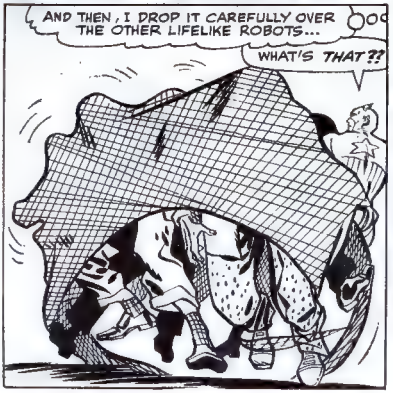

THEN, AFTER CAREFULLY GIVING THE LIFELIKE-LOOKING ROBOT THE MOST MINUTE INSTRUCTIONS, KANG SENDS HIM TO THE 20TH CENTURY BY THE MERE FLICK OF AN ELECTRONIC SWITCH...
AND, SO BEGINS ANOTHER IN THE UNIVERSALLY ACCLAIMED SERIES OF MIGHTY POWER PACKED BATTLES!

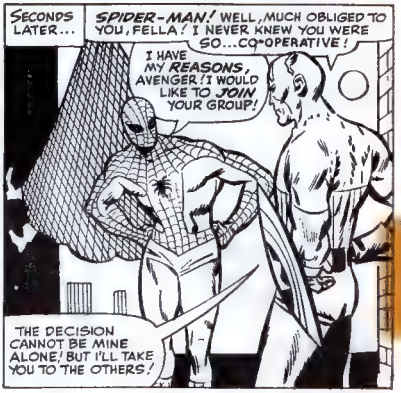

AND SO, A SHORT TIME LATER, ON THE PLANET EARTH IN THE 20th CENTURY...
THE MASTER SAID I SHOULD WAIT AT THIS SPOT... AND MY OPPORTUNITY WOULD PRESENT ITSELF WITHIN SECONDS!


THEN, IT HAPPENS! AS CAPTAIN AMERICA LEAVES ONE OF HIS REGULARLY-SCHEDULED VISITS TO RICK JONES' TEEN BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS, A BAND OF HOODLUMS ATTACKS HIM!
HEADS UP, MEN! THIS TIME YOU PICKED THE WRONG PIGEON!

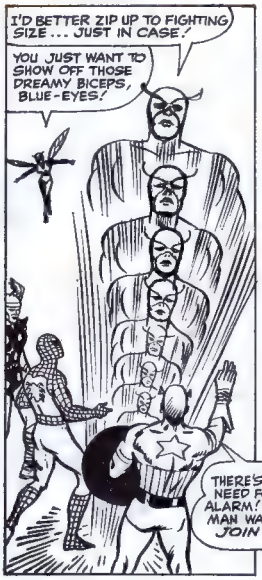
FIGHTING WITH HIS CUSTOMARY SKILL AND VIGOR, CAP HAS NO WAY OF KNOWING THAT HE IS BATTLING CLEVER ROBOTS, SENT INTO THE PAST, AS THE ROBOT SPIDER-MAN WAS, BY KANG HIMSELF!


AH! THIS IS WHAT THE MASTER ARRANGED! NOW TO CARRY OUT THE CLEAR-CUT INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN TO ME BY KANG! FIRST, I CREATE A TYPICAL SPIDER'S WEB...


AND THEN, I DROP IT CAREFULLY OVER THE OTHER LIFELIKE ROBOTS...
WHAT'S THAT??


SECONDS LATER...
SPIDER-MAN! WELL, MUCH OBLIGED TO YOU, FELLA! I NEVER KNEW YOU WERE SO...CO-OPERATIVE!
I HAVE MY REASONS, AVENGER! I WOULD LIKE TO JOIN YOUR GROUP!
THE DECISION CANNOT BE MINE ALONE! BUT I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE OTHERS!

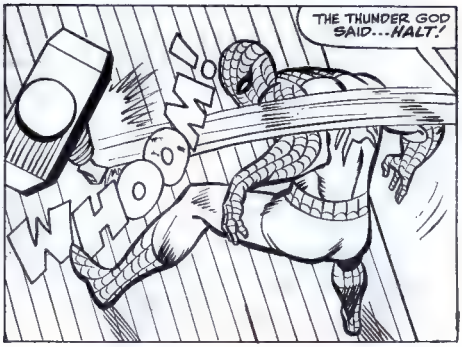
SHORTLY THEREAFTER, AT AVENGERS H.Q....
SPIDER-MAN!
IS THIS WHY YOU SUMMONED US, CAP ?? WHAT'S HE DOING HERE ?

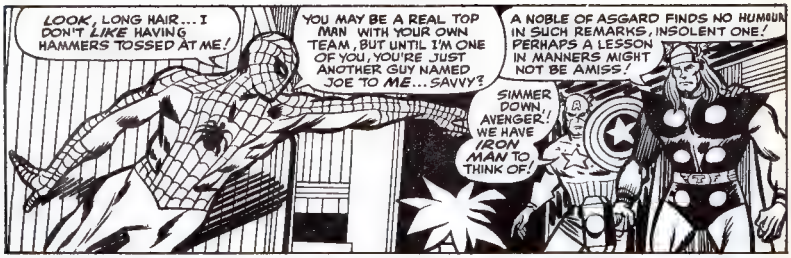

I'D BETTER ZIP UP TO FIGHTING SIZE ... JUST IN CASE!
YOU JUST WANT TO SHOW OFF THOSE DREAMY BICEPS, BLUE-EYES!
THERE'S NO NEED FOR ALARM! SPIDER-MAN WANTS TO JOIN US!

A MOST LAUDABLE AMBITION! BUT WE DO NOT ACCEPT ANY STRANGER MERELY BECAUSE HE POSSESSES SOME POWER OR OTHER! THERE ARE CERTAIN TESTS ... AND A PERIOD OF TRIAL!
I DON'T TRUST HIM! EVERYTHING ABOUT SPIDERS MAKES MY WASP-INSTINCT TINGLE WITH HATE AND LOATHING!

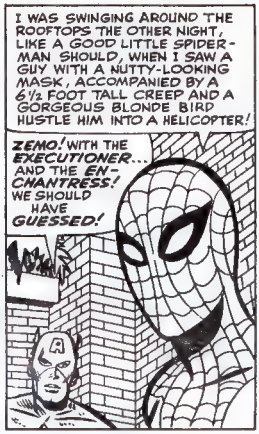
I WAS WARNED TO EXPECT SUCH A RECEPTION! NOW TO RESORT TO PHASE TWO OF THE MASTER'S PLAN!
VERY WELL! I CAME TO TELL YOU WHERE TO FIND IRON MAN... FOR HE NEEDS YOUR HELP! BUT, IF YOU AREN'T INTERESTED...!
WHAT ??!
YOU KNOW WHERE IRON MAN IS... AND HE NEEDS US!??

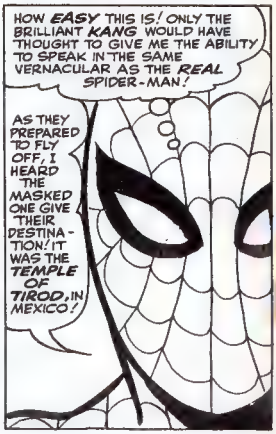
HALT! WE WISH TO DISCUSS THIS MATTER FURTHER!
FORGET IT, PAL! I KNOW WHEN I'M NOT WANTED!


THE THUNDER GOD SAID...HALT!
WHOOM


LOOK, LONG HAIR... I DON'T LIKE HAVING HAMMERS TOSSED AT ME!
YOU MAY BE A REAL TOP MAN WITH YOUR OWN TEAM, BUT UNTIL I'M ONE OF YOU, YOU'RE JUST ANOTHER GUY NAMED JOE TO ME... SAVVY?
A NOBLE OF ASGARD FINDS NO HUMOUR IN SUCH REMARKS, INSOLENT ONE! PERHAPS A LESSON IN MANNERS MIGHT NOT BE AMISS!
SIMMER DOWN, AVENGER! WE HAVE IRON MAN TO THINK OF!

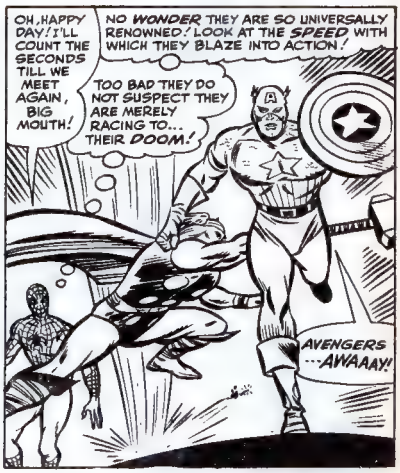
VERY WELL! FOR THE SAKE OF THE MISSING ONE, I SHALL STAY MY WRATH!
WELL, GOODY GUM-DROPS!
OKAY, NOW I'LL TELL YOU WHERE IRON MAN IS... BUT NOT 'CAUSE YOU SCARED ME INTO IT! ONLY TO PROVE I KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT!


I WAS SWINGING AROUND THE ROOFTOPS THE OTHER NIGHT, LIKE A GOOD LITTLE SPIDER-MAN SHOULD, WHEN I SAW A GUY WITH A NUTTY-LOOKING MASK, ACCOMPANIED BY A 6½ FOOT TALL CREEP AND A GORGEOUS BLONDE BIRD HUSTLE HIM INTO A HELICOPTER!
ZEMO! WITH THE EXECUTIONER... AND THE EN-CHANTRESS! WE SHOULD HAVE GUESSED!

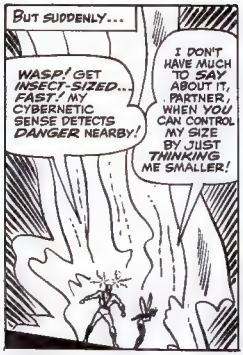

HOW EASY THIS IS! ONLY THE BRILLIANT KANG WOULD HAVE THOUGHT TO GIVE ME THE ABILITY TO SPEAK IN THE SAME VERNACULAR AS THE REAL SPIDER-MAN!
AS THEY PREPARED TO FLY OFF, I HEARD THE MASKED ONE GIVE THEIR DESTINATION! IT WAS THE TEMPLE OF TIROD, IN MEXICO!

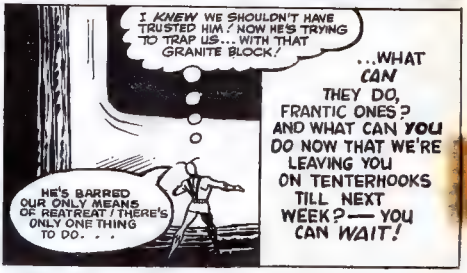
AND YOU DID NOT COME TO US IMMEDIATELY ?!! WHAT MANNER OF MAN ARE YOU ??
EASY, THOR! HE WAS UNDER NO OBLIGATION!

VERY WELL! OUR FIRST CONCERN IS TO OUR MISSING AVENGER! BUT, WHEN WE RETURN, I SHALL HAVE MORE TO SAY TO SPIDER-MAN!


OH, HAPPY DAY! I'LL COUNT THE SECONDS TILL WE MEET AGAIN, BIG MOUTH!
NO WONDER THEY ARE SO UNIVERSALLY RENOWNED! LOOK AT THE SPEED WITH WHICH THEY BLAZE INTO ACTION!
TOO BAD THEY DO NOT SUSPECT THEY ARE MERELY RACING TO... THEIR DOOM!
AVENGERS ...AWAAAY!

UNDER STANDARD OPERATING PROCEDURE, THE AVENGERS SEPARATE ... EACH RESORTING TO HIS OWN MODE OF TRAVEL ...
WE'RE JUST IN TIME, JAN!
I GUESS IT'S BECAUSE WE LIVE RIGHT, HIGH-POCKETS!
WHY DO YOU THINK ZEMO WOULD HAVE TAKEN IRON MAN TO THE TEMPLE OF TIROD??
HARD TO SAY, HONEY! I'M EVEN MORE CURIOUS ABOUT HOW THEY CAPTURED HIM ... AND WHY HE DIDN'T USE HIS BUILT-IN COMMUNICATOR TO CONTACT US!?
AND SO THE JET PLANE CONTINUES ON ITS SOUTHWARD COURSE -- THE PASSENGERS AND CREW TOTALLY UNAWARE OF THE TWO INSECT-SIZED STOWAWAYS WHICH THE GREAT SHIP IS CARRYING!
FINALLY...
THIS IS THE PLACE, JAN... LET'S GO!
HANK! WAIT! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, YOU BIG CLOT! YOU CAN'T FLY!
YOU DIDN'T THINK I'D FORGET A THING LIKE THAT, DID YOU, JAN?
I'M IN CYBERNETIC CONTACT WITH A NEARBY FLYING ANT RIGHT NOW!
NEXT TIME WARN ME, HANDSOME! AFTER ALL... YOU'RE THE ONLY LITTLE ANT-MAN I'VE GOT!
I'D BETTER BE, HONEY! LOOK... THERE'S THE TEMPLE OF TIROD NOW!
NO SOONER DO THEY LAND THAN HANDSOME HANK ONCE AGAIN ZIPS UP TO HIS POWERFUL 12-FOOT SIZE, WHILE THE LOVELY JAN CHANGES TO HER NORMAL FIVE FEET PLUS OF BREATH-TAKING BEAUTY ... AND THEN ...
GO SLOWLY, SWEETIE! THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT WE'LL FIND IN HERE ...!
THERE'S NO SIGN OF OLD SHELL-HEAD, SO FAR!
THAT'S IT, UNSUSPECTING FOOLS! LITTLE DO YOU DREAM THIS ENTIRE TEMPLE HAS BEEN CONVERTED INTO A GIGANTIC TRAP ... FOR THE AVENGERS!






# ODD SPORTS

## Cat Derby

**Marmaduke, a large and lanky tabby cat, recently won the cat Derby at Villa Maria in the Argentine.**

**The course, half a mile long, was enclosed on each side by a fence, and the feline athletes chased a very dead and very smelly fish towed on the end of a long cord by an electric milk float. Some sixty cats of all kinds and sizes took part.**

**Shortly after the start, the stewards had to declare the event a "no race" when a dog got through a hole in the fence and tried to join in. The cats promptly turned on the intruder and pounced through the gap as they chased him yelping off the course!**

**It took the cats' owners nearly an hour to collect the contestants and get them lined up for a fresh start. This time, all went well and Marmaduke romped past the post to win by a tail.**

**Several runners were disqualified for breaking off the race to settle private quarrels, another was "nobbled" by a punter who enticed it from the course by throwing it some sardines! It settled down to eat the prize and took no further interest in the race.**

**Marmaduke's owner and trainer collected about £10 in prize money. The winner trained on raw liver and milk. Before the race, he was given a special "livener" of milk laced with brandy!**

## RIVER WALK

Some years ago, twenty competitors lined up on one bank of the Mississippi River to decide who would win a walking match to the other bank—over a mile away.

Each competitor wore a pair of aquatic boots. Each boot was shaped like a canoe and was six feet long, ten inches wide and eight inches deep. A pair of the boots weighed 112 pounds.

Once they were afloat on the river, the walkers stood upright in their boots and paddled themselves along by means of a bamboo pole which had a metal cylinder at each end. When the cylinders were forced into the water, the boots were pushed forward.

The most difficult part of the race was keeping balanced while standing upright in the boots. Only three out of the twenty competitors managed to do this for the whole crossing. The others capsized soon after launching themselves.

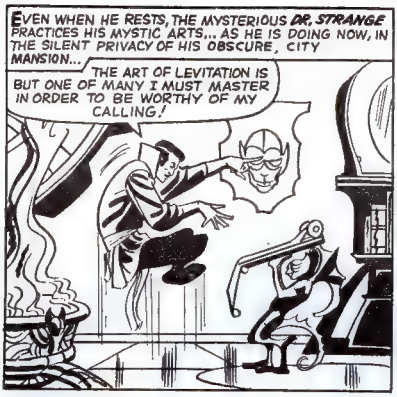
The winner was Carl Naumest, who won the race by "walking" across the Mississippi in 28 minutes!

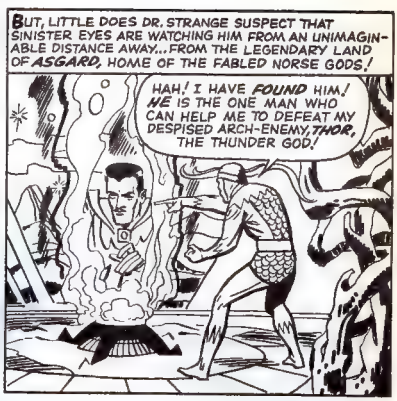
## Sausage Champion

**Hans Staumer became East Germany's sausage-eating champion at Dresden when he polished off a string of 30 pork sausages non-stop in 45 minutes. His huge meal earned him a prize of £30 besides the championship title.**

**The runner-up was Fritz Weisan, who had to retire 40 minutes from the start after eating his 28th sausage.**

Dr. STRANGE
MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS
"THE CHALLENGE OF LOKI!"
THE MIGHTY THOR
EXTRA BONUS ATTRACTION! THE GUEST STAR OF THIS TALE IS...
DRAWN IN THE SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT ART-STYLE!
(IN FACT, IT'S SO UTTERLY DIFFERENT, WE'RE TRYING TO HIDE IT FROM THE ARTIST WHO USUALLY DRAWS THOR!)
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1963


EVEN WHEN HE RESTS, THE MYSTERIOUS DR. STRANGE PRACTICES HIS MYSTIC ARTS... AS HE IS DOING NOW, IN THE SILENT PRIVACY OF HIS OBSCURE, CITY MANSION...
THE ART OF LEVITATION IS BUT ONE OF MANY I MUST MASTER IN ORDER TO BE WORTHY OF MY CALLING!


BUT, LITTLE DOES DR. STRANGE SUSPECT THAT SINISTER EYES ARE WATCHING HIM FROM AN UNIMAGINABLE DISTANCE AWAY... FROM THE LEGENDARY LAND OF ASGARD, HOME OF THE FABLED NORSE GODS!
HAH! I HAVE FOUND HIM! HE IS THE ONE MAN WHO CAN HELP ME TO DEFEAT MY DESPISED ARCH-ENEMY, THOR, THE THUNDER GOD!

THOUGH I AM COMPELLED TO REMAIN A PRISONER HERE IN ASGARD, BY DIRECT COMMAND OF ODIN HIMSELF, I SHALL STILL FIND A WAY TO ACHIEVE MY AIM!

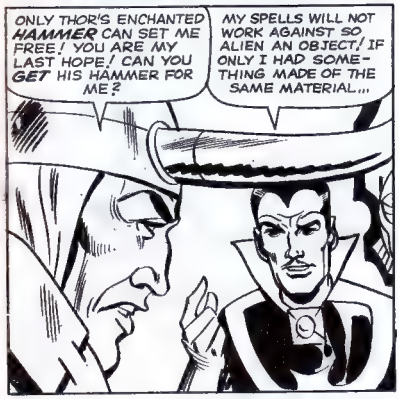
"I SHALL DECEIVE DR. STRANGE! AFTER ALL, HE IS MERELY A HUMAN, WHILE I AM LOKI, GOD OF MISCHIEF, PRINCE OF EVIL! I SHALL TRICK DR. STRANGE INTO STEALING THOR'S ACCURSED HAMMER-- THUS, ODIN WILL NEVER KNOW THAT I AM THE REAL CULPRIT!!!"

IT IS A SIMPLE MATTER FOR ME TO SEND A SPIRIT TYPE BODY TO EARTH, IN ORDER TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE UNWITTING MORTAL WHO SHALL SOON SERVE ME!

AND SO IT COMES TO PASS THAT A STARTLING FIGURE SUDDENLY APPEARS BEFORE THE MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS...
I AM LOKI!! THE EVIL THOR HAS PUT ME IN CHAINS AS YOU CAN SEE! I NEED YOUR HELP, MORTAL ONE!

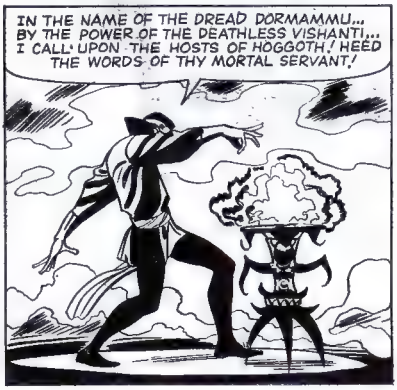
THOR? BUT--I THOUGHT THAT HE FOUGHT ONLY FOR RIGHT AND JUSTICE!
NO! HE HAS DECEIVED THE HUMAN RACE, EVEN AS HE NOW DECEIVES HIS FATHER, ODIN! HE PLANS TO CONQUER MANKIND--AND HE CHAINED ME THUS WHEN I TRIED TO COME TO EARTH TO WARN HUMANITY!

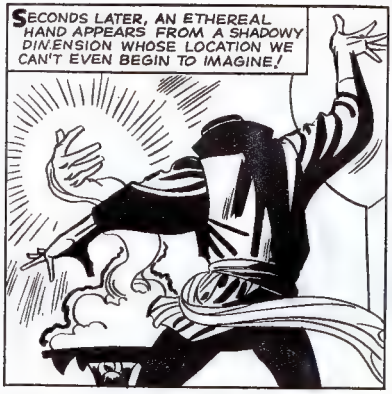
BUT I ESCAPED, AND I CAME TO YOU--THE ONE HUMAN WHO MIGHT BELIEVE--WHO MIGHT HELP!
LET ME SEE WHAT MY MAGIC AMULET REVEALS! AHH--I CAN FEEL THE EVIL FORCE OF THOSE CHAINS! THEY WILL NOT BREAK!
GOOD! HE DOESN'T SUSPECT THAT THE EVIL HE SENSES IS IN MY HEART!

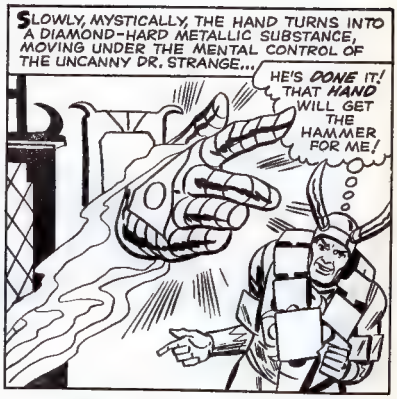

ONLY THOR'S ENCHANTED HAMMER CAN SET ME FREE! YOU ARE MY LAST HOPE! CAN YOU GET HIS HAMMER FOR ME?
MY SPELLS WILL NOT WORK AGAINST SO ALIEN AN OBJECT! IF ONLY I HAD SOMETHING MADE OF THE SAME MATERIAL...

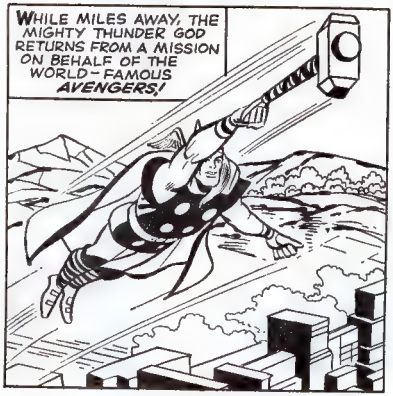
HERE! I HAVE CARRIED THIS FOR AGES! IT IS A SLIVER FROM THE LEATHER THONG WHICH DANGLES FROM HIS HAMMER!
GOOD! THAT IS ALL I NEED IN ORDER TO CAST A SPELL!

I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT WOULD BE EASY TO DECEIVE HIM! MORTALS ARE ALL ALIKE--SO TRUSTING--SO UNUSED TO DEALING WITH ONE WHO IS THOROUGHLY EVIL!
I CAN SENSE THAT THERE IS MORE TO LOKI'S STORY THAN HE HAS TOLD! BUT, I SHALL SEE WHAT HAPPENS NEXT...

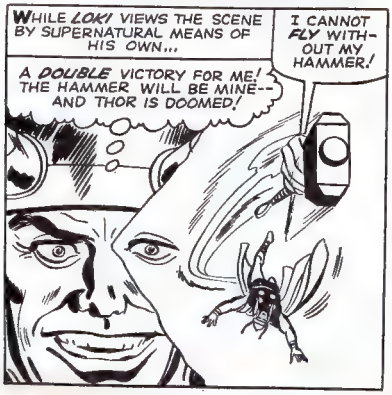

IN THE NAME OF THE DREAD DORMAMMU... BY THE POWER OF THE DEATHLESS VISHANTI... I CALL UPON THE HOSTS OF HOGGOTH! HEED THE WORDS OF THY MORTAL SERVANT!

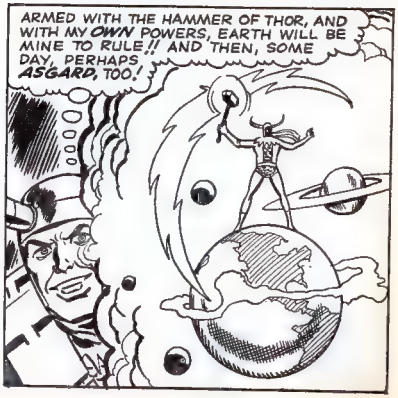

SECONDS LATER, AN ETHEREAL HAND APPEARS FROM A SHADOWY DIMENSION WHOSE LOCATION WE CAN'T EVEN BEGIN TO IMAGINE!


SLOWLY, MYSTICALLY, THE HAND TURNS INTO A DIAMOND-HARD METALLIC SUBSTANCE, MOVING UNDER THE MENTAL CONTROL OF THE UNCANNY DR. STRANGE...
HE'S DONE IT! THAT HAND WILL GET THE HAMMER FOR ME!


WHILE MILES AWAY, THE MIGHTY THUNDER GOD RETURNS FROM A MISSION ON BEHALF OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS AVENGERS!

THEN, SUDDENLY...
WHAT EVIL WIZARDRY IS THIS???!
A HAND FROM NOWHERE-- SEIZING MY ENCHANTED MALLET!!

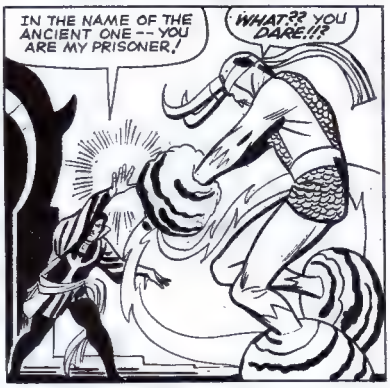

WHILE LOKI VIEWS THE SCENE BY SUPERNATURAL MEANS OF HIS OWN...
I CANNOT FLY WITHOUT MY HAMMER!
A DOUBLE VICTORY FOR ME! THE HAMMER WILL BE MINE-- AND THOR IS DOOMED!


ARMED WITH THE HAMMER OF THOR, AND WITH MY OWN POWERS, EARTH WILL BE MINE TO RULE!! AND THEN, SOME DAY, PERHAPS ASGARD, TOO!

MEANTIME, DR. STRANGE MAKES A VITAL DISCOVERY...
THE SLIVER FROM THOR'S HAMMER REGISTERS NO EVIL IN THE LIGHT OF MY AMULET! THAT MEANS THE EVIL CAME FROM LOKI--NOT FROM THOR!

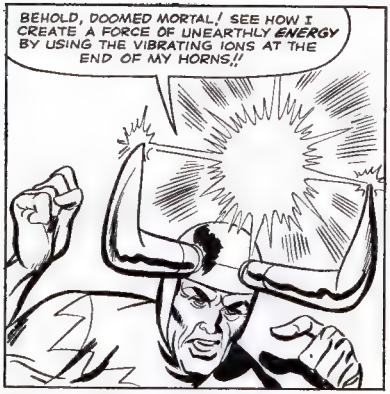
BACK, WITLESS MORTAL! YOU HAVE LEARNED THE TRUTH TOO LATE!
NOT SO, EVIL LOKI! I STILL HAVE THE POWER TO STOP THE SPELL!

BAH! YOUR POWER IS NOTHING COMPARED WITH LOKI'S!
THERE IS NO NEED TO DECEIVE YOU ANY LONGER WITH THESE IMAGINARY CHAINS... LET THEM BE GONE!


IN THE NAME OF THE ANCIENT ONE -- YOU ARE MY PRISONER!
WHAT?? YOU DARE!!?

SEE HOW EASILY I CAST OFF YOUR SPELLS! DO YOU NOT YET REALIZE THAT YOU ARE FACING ONE OF THE IMMORTALS?
I ONLY KNOW THAT YOU ARE EVIL!

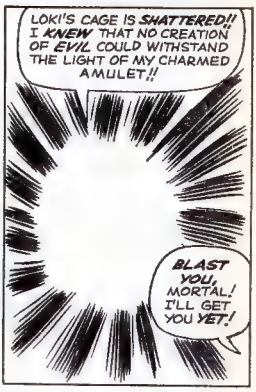
AND ALL THINGS OF EVIL ARE MY ENEMIES!
MY POWER IS LESS THAN NORMAL BECAUSE I AM HERE IN MY SPIRIT FORM-- BUT IT IS STILL FAR GREATER THAN HIS!


BEHOLD, DOOMED MORTAL! SEE HOW I CREATE A FORCE OF UNEARTHLY ENERGY BY USING THE VIBRATING IONS AT THE END OF MY HORNS!!

ALL I NEED DO IS DIRECT THE NEWLY-FORMED ENERGY BANDS TO SURROUND YOU-- TO TRAP YOU WITHIN THEIR SHIMMERING SURFACE!!
HE'S CREATED A FANTASTIC CAGE-- ALMOST OUT OF THIN AIR!

IT GROWS TIGHTER AND TIGHTER! BUT, THE LIGHT OF MY AMULET SHALL BATHE IT WITH THE BURNING BEAM OF RIGHTEOUSNESS!

NOW--LET MY AMULET'S BEAM GLOW EVEN BRIGHTER-- LET IT GO FORTH TO THE LIMIT OF ITS POWER--AT THE COMMAND OF DR. STRANGE!!!

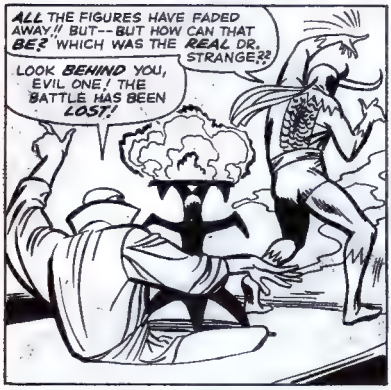

LOK!'S CAGE IS SHATTERED!! I KNEW THAT NO CREATION OF EVIL COULD WITHSTAND THE LIGHT OF MY CHARMED AMULET!!
BLAST YOU, MORTAL! I'LL GET YOU YET!

YOU ARE WELCOME TO TRY, EVIL ONE! PROVIDED YOU CAN TELL WHICH OF US IS THE LIVING DR. STRANGE!
BAH! YOU THINK TO FOIL LOK! WITH SO SIMPLE AN ILLUSION??

I NEED NOT FIND THE REAL FIGURE OF YOU! I'VE POWER ENOUGH TO DESTROY ALL AT ONCE!
THERE! WHAT DOES IT MATTER WHICH OF YOU IS GENUINE?? I'VE JUST DEFEATED ALL OF YOU!

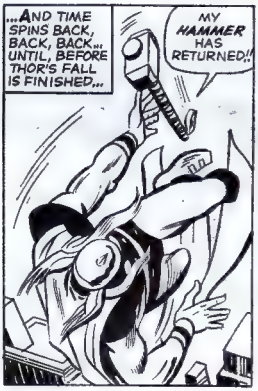
LOKI IS SO SURE OF HIMSELF--SO OVERCONFIDENT, THAT IT NEVER OCCURRED TO HIM NONE OF THOSE FIGURES WERE REALLY ME! HE DOESN'T SUSPECT THAT I'M NEXT DOOR--REVERTING TO MY ECTOPLASMIC FORM...

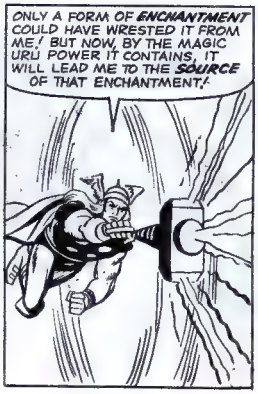
NOW I MUST MOVE QUICKLY! ONLY WITH UNEXPECTED SPEED CAN I HOPE TO DEFEAT SO AWESOME A FOE!


ALL THE FIGURES HAVE FADED AWAY!! BUT--BUT HOW CAN THAT BE? WHICH WAS THE REAL DR. STRANGE??
LOOK BEHIND YOU, EVIL ONE! THE BATTLE HAS BEEN LOST!

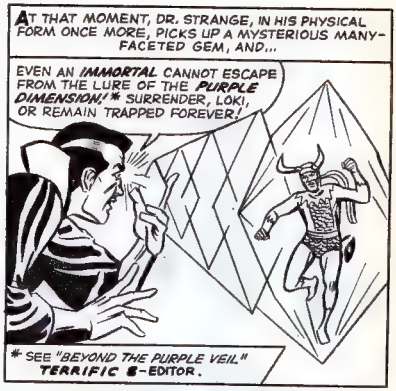
YOU! BUT--HOW--??
NOW--WHILE I CAN SEE HIS EYES!
HAMMER OF THOR, RETURN TO YOUR MASTER! THOUGH HE WAS FALLING, YOU TRAVEL FASTER!

NO SOONER ARE THE DRAMATIC WORDS UTTERED, THAN THE IRON GLOVE FADES INTO THE NOTHINGNESS FROM WHENCE IT HAD COME...

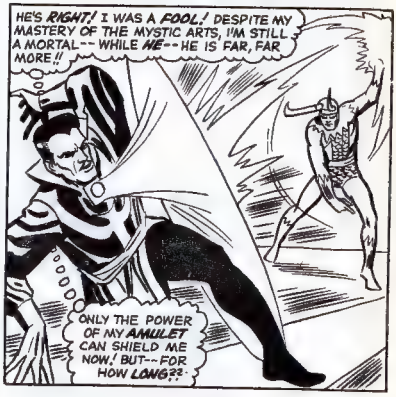

...AND TIME SPINS BACK, BACK, BACK... UNTIL, BEFORE THOR'S FALL IS FINISHED...
MY HAMMER HAS RETURNED!!

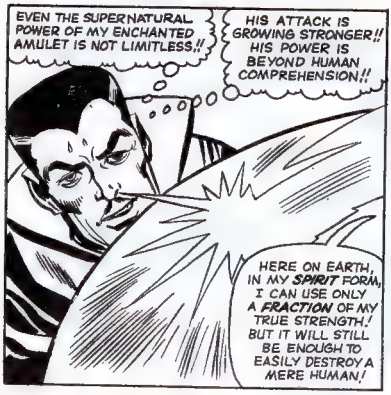

ONLY A FORM OF ENCHANTMENT COULD HAVE WRESTED IT FROM ME! BUT NOW, BY THE MAGIC URU POWER IT CONTAINS, IT WILL LEAD ME TO THE SOURCE OF THAT ENCHANTMENT!

THOR HAS REGAINED HIS HAMMER!! HE IS COMING THIS WAY!!

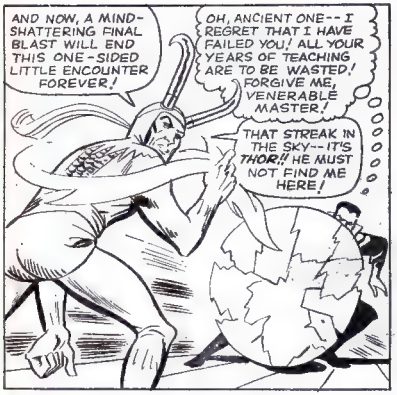

AT THAT MOMENT, DR. STRANGE, IN HIS PHYSICAL FORM ONCE MORE, PICKS UP A MYSTERIOUS MANY-FACETED GEM, AND...
EVEN AN IMMORTAL CANNOT ESCAPE FROM THE LURE OF THE PURPLE DIMENSION!* SURRENDER, LOKI, OR REMAIN TRAPPED FOREVER!
* SEE "BEYOND THE PURPLE VEIL" TERRIFIC 8-EDITOR.

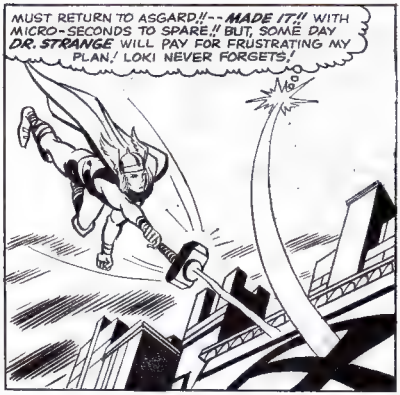
STILL YOU UNDERESTIMATE ME! I AM NO ORDINARY NON-HUMAN!! I AM LOKI, SON OF ODIN!! HALF-BROTHER TO THOR!! MY POWER IS THE POWER OF THE UNIVERSE!


HE'S RIGHT! I WAS A FOOL! DESPITE MY MASTERY OF THE MYSTIC ARTS, I'M STILL A MORTAL-- WHILE HE-- HE IS FAR, FAR MORE!!
ONLY THE POWER OF MY AMULET CAN SHIELD ME NOW! BUT--FOR HOW LONG??


EVEN THE SUPERNATURAL POWER OF MY ENCHANTED AMULET IS NOT LIMITLESS!!
HIS ATTACK IS GROWING STRONGER!! HIS POWER IS BEYOND HUMAN COMPREHENSION!!
HERE ON EARTH, IN MY SPIRIT FORM, I CAN USE ONLY A FRACTION OF MY TRUE STRENGTH! BUT IT WILL STILL BE ENOUGH TO EASILY DESTROY A MERE HUMAN!

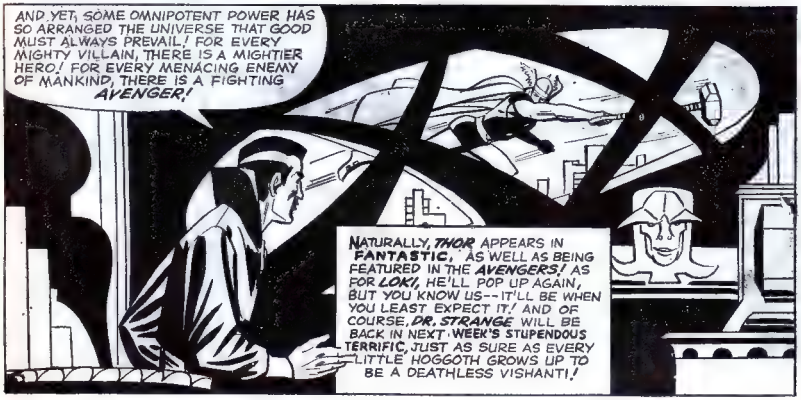
CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER! THE EDGES OF MY PROTECTIVE SHIELD ARE BEGINNING TO CRACK! ONCE IT CRUMBLES, I'M FINISHED!


AND NOW, A MIND-SHATTERING FINAL BLAST WILL END THIS ONE-SIDED LITTLE ENCOUNTER FOREVER!
OH, ANCIENT ONE-- I REGRET THAT I HAVE FAILED YOU! ALL YOUR YEARS OF TEACHING ARE TO BE WASTED! FORGIVE ME, VENERABLE MASTER!
THAT STREAK IN THE SKY--IT'S THOR!! HE MUST NOT FIND ME HERE!


MUST RETURN TO ASGARD!!--MADE IT!! WITH MICRO-SECONDS TO SPARE!! BUT, SOME DAY DR. STRANGE WILL PAY FOR FRUSTRATING MY PLAN! LOKI NEVER FORGETS!

SUDDENLY, MY URU HAMMER TINGLES NO MORE! WHATEVER DANGER HAS BEEN HERE IS NOW GONE!
PERHAPS I SHALL NEVER KNOW WHAT REALLY TRANSPIRED--BUT I FEEL THAT SOME DAY I WILL LEARN THE TRUTH!

AND, ALONE ONCE MORE INSIDE HIS SHADOWY DWELLING, DR. STRANGE SLOWLY WAITS FOR THE STRENGTH TO RETURN TO HIS EXHAUSTED BODY...
IT IS OVER! BUT NEVER HAVE I BEEN SO CLOSE TO DEFEAT--NEVER HAVE I FACED AN ENEMY WHO WAS SO THOROUGHLY RUTHLESS--SO INCREDIBLY POWERFUL!


AND YET, SOME OMNIPOTENT POWER HAS SO ARRANGED THE UNIVERSE THAT GOOD MUST ALWAYS PREVAIL! FOR EVERY MIGHTY VILLAIN, THERE IS A MIGHTIER HERO! FOR EVERY MENACING ENEMY OF MANKIND, THERE IS A FIGHTING AVENGER!
NATURALLY, THOR APPEARS IN FANTASTIC, AS WELL AS BEING FEATURED IN THE AVENGERS! AS FOR LOKI, HE'LL POP UP AGAIN, BUT YOU KNOW US--IT'LL BE WHEN YOU LEAST EXPECT IT! AND OF COURSE, DR. STRANGE WILL BE BACK IN NEXT WEEK'S STUPENDOUS TERRIFIC, JUST AS SURE AS EVERY LITTLE HOGGOTH GROWS UP TO BE A DEATHLESS VISHANTI!

# news from the floor of 64

**64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.**

URGENT MESSAGE for all FANTASTIC fans! Please, please, no more super-heroes! We *know we asked* you to dream up ideas for new extra-super heroes, but we *didn't* know what we were letting ourselves in for! We've been SWAMPED with ideas! There never was that much room in the old garret, but now it's *ridiculous*! Super-heroes everywhere! Swaying stacks of drawings, paintings and pages of word portraits on every desk and spare inch of floor space! Apart from us needing *somewhere* to work keeping the weekly power papers flowing, it's going to take us weeks to go through them all. Go through them we shall—and in a later ish of FANTASTIC you'll be able to see the pick of the bunch—but now we must call the whole thing to a stop. No more super-heroes, please. As from now . . . *competition's over*!

But from the examples we HAVE seen, we are proud of you frantic ones! Even the great creative minds of comicdom (and you know who we mean) could learn something from them. Proud, yes . . . but not *surprised*! Because our publications are formulated on the firm principle that lovers of our lively literature *must* themselves possess imaginative intelligence and a flair for the dramatic. That's why you deserve, and will continue to get, the very best we can produce. That is what makes The Brotherhood of Power something *real* . . . something much more than catchy phraseology.

## MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE

*Marjorie Stebbings, Woodingdean, Sussex; Dennis Gasson, Hendon, London N.W.4; Philip Roadley, Sherwood, Notts.; David Kiehl, South Kensington, London, S.W.7; Greig Blanchett, Auckland, New Zealand; Gregory Smith, Keighley, Yorks; Judy Dons, Teddington, Middx.; Graham Lockwood, Mirfield, Yorks.; Jamie Kidney, Grays, Essex; Tony Devereux, Wilmslow, Cheshire; Steve Fernback, Oakengates, Salop; Andrew Renmant, Cardiff; Shirley Webster, Wallasey, Cheshire; Stephen Andrews, Waltham Cross, Herts.; Andrew Grant, Leeds 7; Peter Shepherd, Bognor Regis, Sussex; Steven Wilkins, Tottenham, London, N.15; Michael Reidy, South Kensington, London, S.W.7; Tricia Scot-Brining, Hockley, Essex; Garry Hurst, Retford, Nottinghamshire.*

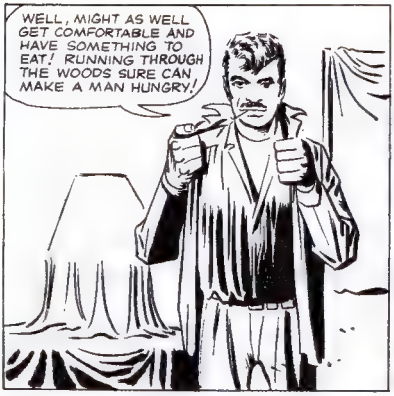
Over the past weeks, mainly because of the publication of a new and important book by Jules Feiffer (one of the great names in the American comic field) most of the daily newspapers and many weeklies have been writing about British comics. And we offer no prizes for guessing who got the king-sized share of the mentions. Glancing through the paeons of praise for our Power pack, we note that we have produced, ". . . a new look in atomic age comics." And it would seem that we provide ". . . high protein food for the imaginations of the generation of comic readers."

More important is the fact that the number of readers of comics is growing fast and that they are also being read by a rapidly expanding group of "adult age" fans. And that's ALSO nice to know.

*Those of you who have baby brothers know what cute little mites they can be. But cute isn't quite the right word for the two new characters who make their debut in WHAM and SMASH. Baby Whamster and Baby Smasher are just about the most UN-cute, most mischievous, most bedlam-making pint-sizers you've ever encountered! No peace when they're around, but* plenty *of laughs. We think that, in creating these two comic characters, artist Terry Bave has hit a new high in humour. Judge for yourselves in WHAM and SMASH.*

# THE DOORWAY TO NOWHERE!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group


WELL, MIGHT AS WELL GET COMFORTABLE AND HAVE SOMETHING TO EAT! RUNNING THROUGH THE WOODS SURE CAN MAKE A MAN HUNGRY!

WHA--?? THE FOOD! IT'S GONE!

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! I PUT IT IN THIS CUPBOARD JUST A FEW MINUTES AGO! WHERE--? HOW--?

I-I'LL HANG UP MY COAT WHILE I TRY TO FIGURE IT OUT!

LET'S SEE NOW... I PUT THE BAG OF PROVISIONS IN THE CUPBOARD AND THEN I CLOSED THE DOOR...

...LIKE THIS!

THEN I OPENED THE DOOR AND--OH NO! NOW THE COAT'S GONE, TOO!!

WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT WHAT'S HAPPENING...

I'VE GOT TO ENTER THE CUPBOARD MYSELF!

NOTHING'S HAPPENING! IT MUST ONLY HAPPEN WHEN THE DOOR IS SHUT!

THERE! I'VE DONE IT! AND NOW...

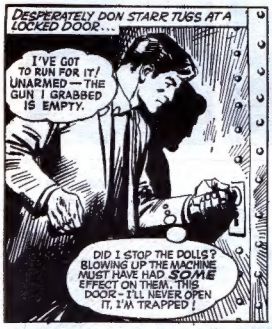
LIGHT! IT'S GETTING LIGHT! A STRANGE, HAZY, SHIMMERING LIGHT...

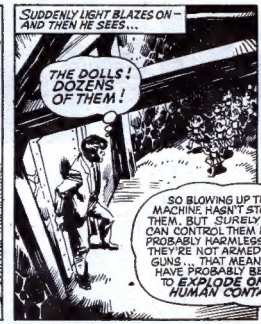
I'VE GOT IT! I'VE ENTERED A NEW DIMENSION! NOW I'LL BE SAFE FROM THE POLICE FOREVER! AND IT HASN'T AFFECTED ME A BIT! HA HA HA! NOTHING HAS CHANGED EXCEPT THAT I'M SAFE-- FOREVER!

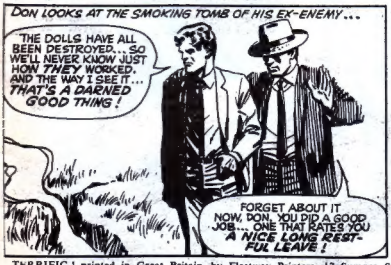
NOTHING HAS CHANGED, HUGO? HOW CAN YOU BE SURE? DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT PEOPLE OF EVERY DIMENSION ALWAYS FEEL THAT THEIRS IS THE NORMAL DIMENSION! TOO BAD YOU CAN'T SEE YOURSELF NOW - SEE WHAT YOU'VE BECOME -- WHAT YOU WILL BE... FOREVER!
BUT IT'S BEST THIS WAY, HUGO! YOU'LL NEVER COMMIT ANOTHER CRIME ON YOUR OWN WORLD AGAIN -- FATE HAS GIVEN YOU YOUR SENTENCE, AND THIS TIME THERE WILL BE NO ESCAPE!
the END

# the LIVING DOLLS

PAINTED CHINA DOLLS THAT WALK AND KILL — THESE WERE THE NIGHTMARE WEAPONS OF THE EVIL GENIUS CALLED THE DOLLMASTER. ACE SECURITY AGENT DON STARR ENTERS THE DOLLMASTER'S UNDERGROUND LAIR AND MAKES A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO STOP THE DOLLMASTER'S REIGN OF TERROR BY WRECKING THE CONTROL UNIT. BUT NOW HE RUNS INTO TROUBLE...





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A Power House PIN-UP
KANG!
TRULY, ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL ARCH-FOES OF ALL TIME!
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